

Zanzicrazy Series One

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Summary: A Red Vs Blue like fic. Strong Language, some violence nothing major. Read and Review, please.

Zanzicrazy Series One

ZANZICRAZY

Dramatis Personae

Brown- A Brown Spartan

Willis- A Dark Green Spartan

Trak- A White Spartan

Slate- A Red Elite

Sawkins- A Pink Spartan

Sage- A Purple Spartan

Stein- A Bright Green Spartan

Hitler von Carling- A Colour-Changing Spartan

Foxtrot- A Navy Spartan

Tango- A Turquoise Spartan

Waltz and Polka- Two Blue Spartans

Episode One- Space Is Big

Willis and Brown looked at the pile of Elite corpses littering the room before them. Willis dropped his SMG and sat down. Just as Brown shouted.

"More from above!"

"Aww, don't these fucktards ever learn?" asked Willis as he pointed his gun at the sky and let rip. There were two muted honks, and a pair of bodies hit the floor on either side of the Spartan.

"I don't think they do." Said Brown as he walked over. The pair of warriors were in the shade of a giant tree, inside a giant spaceship. Willis thought they should nick it, since their commanding officer had only given them one poxy frigate. That had made the other two laugh. Willis couldn't work out why. "It's like what are senior officers said in basicâ€¦ the Covenant are _Imitative, _not _Initiative._" Willis gave Brown a look.

"In simple words?" Brown sighed. An Elite wearing green armour walked in.

"Maybe it'd be better if I showed you, dumbass." Willis thought it might be an insult, but as he wasn't to sure, so he kept quiet. Meanwhile, Brown had put down his Battle Rifle. His opponent had also done so. Brown waved at him. The Elite waved back. Willis slowly began to work out what was going on.

"Look! The freaky alien bastard is copying you!" He grinned. The alien turned to Willis, and honked something completely indecipherable- other than the fact it ended with something like 'bastard'.

"Did he just insult me?" Asked Willis. The alien imitated that as well, before Brown shot him in the head.

"Come on, dude." Said Brown, as the Elite hit the deck. "Let's go and find how much of Trak's in trouble." Willis didn't get that, so he changed the subject as he walked towards the bridge.

"Where are we gonna go when he capture the ship?" He asked Brown.

Brown laughed. "Shit knows. Space is big!"

Willis is only response was "Uhhâ€¦" before he began repeating 'Where are we going' very, very, very, fast.

As they entered the bridge, Brown turned to Willis. "Shut the fuck up, retard!" He yelled, silencing the Spartan. Willis didn't take the hint.

"You make me cryâ€¦" he said.

"Seriously, shut up!" Brown said. Trak was lying with his head jammed into a steering consel.

"Hey look! I can see my liver!" Said the Spartan, as Brown mimed pulling him out. Brown grabbed one leg, and Willis the other, and they yanked the Spartan out of the alien machine. "I can't feel my head!" Said Trak, as Brown injected him in the arm.

"I knew we should have given him his injection before he came onto the ship." He said to Willis as Trak groaned.

"Ok, I feel a lot fucking better now, morons. You could have told me you were gonna do that."

"Sorry, dude." Said Brown, shrugging. "Had to be done." Trak pulled out a rolled up map.

"Apart from me screwing up the nav-console, I think that went quite well. I found a map of the universe as well!" Trak spread it across the floor. Part of it was dissaperaring out of the door, and some of it was still rolled out.

"You were right." Said Willis. "Space is fucking huge!"

At that moment, another Elite came through the door. He was wearing red armour, and was pointing a Plasma pistol at Brown. "Aw, fuck." Said Brown, before a blue bolt hit him in the head and sent him flying.

To be continued in Episode Two: Why Does He Always Not Get Killed?

End
file.